

The Busy Bees

THE other day I watched a group of children "playing show," and of all the fun they did have! I suppose the Busy Bees often enjoy themselves likewise. First, there was the leading lady, who was gowned in flowing robes, borrowed, no doubt, from her mother's wardrobe. The leading man wore a helmet and carried a spear, otherwise a broomstick, while the villain stalked across the stage with a curling black mustache pasted to his lip and a cap drawn over his brow.

The stage was improvised on a side porch and a large red couch cover, remnant of by-gone days, was used for a curtain. The audience was seated on the lawn and before the curtain rose joined the performers in singing popular songs. I presume this was to take the place of the overture, with which the theater orchestra opens a performance.

They were having a very good time and did not in the least mind the bit of frost in the air.

The first prize was awarded this week to Margaret Brown of the Red Side; second prize to Sarah Lindale of the Red Side, and honorable mention to Mary Langdon of the Blue Side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

A Lincoln Story.

By Margaret Brown, Aged 12 Years, 1206 West Baldwin Street, Harlan, Ia. Ed. Blue Side.

Abraham Lincoln had three sons, Robert, William and Thomas. Thomas, or "Little Tad," as he was commonly called, was about 8 years of age when this story occurred.

A friend of the Lincoln family once sent a fine turkey to the White House for a Christmas dinner. However, as Christmas was several weeks off, "Little Tad" spent his time making friends with the turkey. "Jack," as the fowl was named, soon learned to follow his young master around and to perform all by himself.

One day, just before the Christmas of 1861, while the president was engaged with his cabinet and foreign ministers on a very important affair, "Tad" burst into the room like a bombshell, crying and howling with his rage. The turkey was about to be killed. Such an outrage! Never! "Tad" had persuaded the cook to delay proceedings until he could go to his father about it. "Jack" mustn't be killed," "Tad" howled, "he is a perfectly good turkey and I like him better my way." "But," answered his father, "Jack was sent here to be killed and eaten." "I can't help it, daddy, you can buy another. I want my own Jack."

The president, pausing in the midst of his business, took a card and wrote out an order of reprieve for the turkey. The turkey's life was spared, and Tad rushed out with a radiant smile, leaving behind him a better atmosphere for work, on account of the break in the tension.

This is a real story of a real American boy.

Our First President.

By Sarah Lindale, West Point, Neb., Box 776, Red Side.

Our first president, George Washington, was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, on February 22, 1732, of English descent.

When Washington started to school he was a small boy. The boys in his time were not like they are now. His teacher's name was Miss Colley.

When Washington was but 11 years old his father died. He wanted Washington to be a seaman. George was very brave. His mother and his brothers lived on a farm near the Potomac river. His brothers dared him to do many things, one of which was to ride a very wild colt. George got on the colt and hung to his seat, although it was very hard, the colt tossing him up and down, and all at once the horse fell down and burst a blood vessel.

His brothers ran to the house and told their mother that her favorite colt had been killed. She said, "Who did it?" George said, "I did it, mother." His mother forgave him, on account of his truthfulness. He was always noted for being a true and loving boy.

Almost everyone knows about "Washington and the cherry tree"—how George chopped it down and afterwards told his father that he did it.

In his early life he was a surveyor.

The nation had been fighting, and finally a party of men met and said that nothing could be done better than to have a president. The next question was, "Who would be fit for such an office?" At last they nominated and elected George Washington. Washington had hard times during his administration, for a war with England had been urged, and through our brave president the Americans won.

He was chosen president for two terms, but refused the third term. During that time New York City was the capital of the United States.

Everybody felt that Washington had done his full duty. He died on December 14, 1799, loved and respected by the entire nation. He is spoken of as a man "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

The Candy Sale.

By Mary P. Langdon, Aged 12 Years, Box 18, Angus Street, Gretna, Neb. Blue Side.

Seven and eighth grade girls decided we wanted curtains for our school room and we thought we would sell "home-made goodies" to get the money. First, we cut out pretty pictures and put them on colored paper and printed something like this, "The girls have something sweet for you Wednesday."

All of the pupils of the school wondered at these posters which we hung on the walls of the school house. The next day we printed "Candy Sales" on them and all the pupils laughed at us.

We all made as much candy as we could and popcorn balls, too, and when it all came in we were afraid we had too much, but we didn't, as we soon found out.

Tuesday evening we made, or rather decorated, a booth in the reception room at the school house.

Wednesday noon the teacher excused us—that is, the girls who were going to sell candy—so we would get dinner early. Four girls and I were to sell the candy. We wore white aprons and dark dresses. At first the pupils were very bashful and just a few little ones came with their pennies, but after a little bit the others came and we were not idle a moment.

The candy went first and also rapidly. When the candy was gone the popcorn went just as fast as the candy did. Many of the littlest pupils came when it was all gone and they were sorely disappointed.

Oh, yes, I forgot; with every purchase of 5 cents the purchaser could vote for the most popular pupil in the grades or to high school. Now, here is the best

OMAHA BUSY BEE WHO ENJOYS THE PAGE.



Ruth Gresley

was a happy dream. I am a new Busy Bee.

Henry W. Longfellow.

By Edith Kenyon, Aged 11 Years, 3239 Cumby Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Henry W. Longfellow was a great poet. He loved the children very much. Near Longfellow's house there ran a little brook. One day a man bought this brook and was going to build a house near it. When Mr. Longfellow heard this he was very sad and did not write poems for quite a while. The man that bought this brook promised Mr. Longfellow that he would not build a house near the brook so Mr. Longfellow was happy again.

The English Language.

By Genevieve E. Sharkey, Aged 13 Years, 355 Tenth and Vermont, Council Bluffs, Ia. Blue Side.

As you all know, the English language is the best language spoken. But did you ever stop to think how much of it was borrowed from other languages? Five-sevenths is borrowed. I am going to tell you what the English language is like.

It is like a family that moved into a large house, and they wanted to furnish it nice and only had such furniture as they needed, like a stove, table, chairs and beds, so they went to one neighbor and they borrowed a rug for their parlor and from another they borrowed a nice dining room table, from another a dresser and so on until they had the best house in the neighborhood.

A Good Deed.

By Viola Reimers, Aged 11 Years, Fallerton, Neb. Blue Side.

Once upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Vera. She was a very poor little girl. Her parents lived in a cottage near the river. One day she told her mother that she was going out in the woods to search for flowers. Her mother said that she could go. By the time she had started she met a little girl by the name of Edna. She was 2 years old and Vera was 7 years old, so they both started to the woods. When they got to the woods they heard a cry like that of a bear. They ran as fast as they could. They looked back and there they saw a little baby lying in the road.

Grace's Pet.

By Cora Bishop, Aged 14 Years, Percival, Ia. Fremont County, Box 4, Red Side.

Everybody had pets but Grace. There were chickens, guinea pigs and a parrot. She left out until the arrival of her Uncle Edna.

Uncle Edna was a wonder to all the children, but he seemed to take a special fancy to Grace. The rides and drives were interesting, but the best part of all was when Uncle Edna brought a box from the station for her. She could hardly wait for his return. She went to the gate about every two minutes, even though she was told that her uncle could not possibly be back so soon.

George Washington.

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morning. The weather was just fine, and the sun came peeping through the blue clouds and shone as bright as fire. It certainly was a fine trip. At noon we ate our dinner out under some shady trees. The grass was so green and pretty. After we had eaten our lunch we started on our journey again. About 7 o'clock we reached my uncle's home. They were glad to see us. The next day was Sunday and we went to church. My, but there were a lot of people there. The church is made of brick and it is quite large. We went down to see the children's home. There were lots of nice little children. And while we were there we also attended chautauqua sometimes. It was very good and I thought it was much fun to go.

The Lost Doll.

By Helen Turkington, 1388 North Twenty-sixth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Bettie was sitting by the window when Ben came in to spend the day. "The first thing that was heard, was about the lost doll."

Good Times.

By W. A. Averill, Greenwood, Neb. Red Side.

The following is a little story my grandfather told to an interested audience of boys:

Frightened Over Nothing.

By Volta Torrey, Aged 2 Years, Box 47, "Blue Side."

Once there was a little boy named Johnnie, who was 9 years old. His little brother was 4 years of age. One evening after his little brother had gone to bed and was asleep, Johnnie's papa and mamma had to go over to a neighbor's a few blocks away, and had to leave Johnnie and his brother alone. When they told Johnnie, he said he was afraid and cried. His papa said, "What are you afraid of, Johnnie?" Johnnie said he didn't know. His papa then told him that all the elephants, tigers and wildcats were locked up in their cages in the circus and the old groundhog saw his shadow early on groundhog day and crawled back into his hole, so there was not anything to be afraid of after all. So Johnnie got to laughing and his mamma put him to bed. When his papa and mamma came home an hour later they found Johnnie's little brother sitting up in bed. When his mamma called him to get up in the morning Johnnie said, "You home, mamma?"

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away. We got home in time to do the evening chores.

"Boys, how would you have liked to have been with me?" he asked, his eyes glancing in a certain mischievous way. "Finer silk," we cried, enthusiastically.

He laughed. "I didn't think I was such an author. I made that up as I was telling that to you."

We looked at each other blankly and then burst out into loud laughter.

"You old make believe," laughed one of the boys. "We ought to have known not to believe you in the first place."

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Their Own Page

Public School Roll of Honor

CHILDREN RECEIVING THE HIGHEST MARK IN MORE THAN HALF THEIR SUBJECTS LAST WEEK.

FRANKLIN. Margaret McLaughlin. Anita Edmiston. Eighth A. Chase Parker. Seventh B. Gertrude Kaiser. Harry Newman. Letha Alexander. Vigil Northwell. Roland Jefferson. Edwin Munson. Thomas Finley. Charles Sage. Seventh A. Nellie Garloch. Dwight Harmon. Rosanna Siverson. Olga Schermerhorn. Gertrude Bernede. Elizabeth Davis. Eleanor Madgett. James Holmquist. Lina Anderson. Mabel Johnson. Mary Finley. Raymond Medlin. Dorothy Collins. Harold Wallen. Eighth B. Marie Grunwald. Evelyn Johanson. Eleanor Potter. Fifth B. Edith Kenyon. Frances Cameron. Inez Roberts. James Adams. Mary Stinson. Winfield Koch.	COLUMBIAN. Ann Astell. Dorothy Darlow. Lillian Heaton. Eva Korrmayer. Ilda Langdon. Elizabeth Ferrigo. Milton Rogers. Elsie Schmidt. Virginia White. Seventh B. Nevada Jones. Dorina Macdonald. Wilbur Olson. Charles E. Christy. Seventh A. Charles Rhodes. Everette Wass. Fifth B. Mabel Clark. Katherine Davis. Donald Gladstone. Paul O'Neil. Jean Palmer. Helen Rogers. Fourth B. Kathleen Herdman. Max Holman. Tony Leesteraker. Harriet Olson. Harriet Rosewater. Helma Karpin. Fourth A. Anna Arnold. Gordon Smith. Third B. Frances Barberg. Irene Farmer. Gertrude Sandberg. Mary Knudsen. Amy Stinson. Ethel H. Gladstone.	CLIFTON HILL. Eighth B. Donald Edlington. Willard Hoffman. Abelade Zellar. Eighth A. Frederick Hoffman. Louvesta Lawless. Seventh B. Earl Leaming. Alva McLennahan. Mabel Reddy. Gladys Cliff. Seventh A. Harry Gamble. Leslie Van Nostrand. Sixth B. Anna Stang. Sixth A. James Gieger. Alexander McKie. Valter Ratcliffe. Russell Sprague. Fifth B. Vivian Iovoe. Carla Fischer. Pearl Gamble. Hazel Huston. Lottie Ray. Elizabeth Sewell. Harold Taylor. Erene Timme. Fifth A. Evellet Drake. Fourth B. Frances Moser. Edith Olson. Third B. Mary Knudsen. Amy Stinson. Arday Wagner.	CLIFTON HILL. Fourth B. Ralph Wallen. Third A. Milton Peterson. Wm. H. H. Peterson. Floren Westfall. FRANKLIN. Fifth A. Daisy Craig. Fourth B. Mildred Nilsen. Ormond Showalter. Edna Anderson. Frances Pettersen. Fourth A. Edna Frankin. Ward Peterson. Duff Sadler. Third B. Fresley Findley. Harry Golden. Franklin Royce. Geneva Noble. Mildred Hanson. Franklin Royce. Irene Larson. BANCROFT. Fifth B. Gwendolyn Jones. William La Chapelle. Fifth A. Ella Hornig. Oliver Sauter. BEALS. Fifth A. Lena Merritt. Iona Dally.
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ROLL OF HONOR WILL BE CONTINUED IN TOMORROW'S EVENING BEE.

and cakes that day, which she placed in the pantry.

When it was 8 o'clock they retired to bed. It was lucky for kiddy that Dick had forgotten to shut the pantry door. It was around midnight that Kitty crept into the pantry. My! but how delicious those cookies and cakes smelled. She jumped upon the shelf and let the sheets right into the cake and her feet stuck fast. She pulled real hard, but slipped, while a couple of other cakes fell to the floor, breaking plates and all. It was lucky for "Miss Pussy" that Dick and his mother did not hear her, for they were both such sound sleepers and could not hear her. "Miss Pussy" felt like a guilty person and crept back on the rug.

Early in the morning Mrs. Milnes and Dick got up. The first thing Mrs. Milnes did was to look in the pantry. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "a burglar has been in here! Oh, Dick! do come and see!" "Oh! mother, I wonder who it could have been!" Then they both looked on the shelf and lo! there were the footprints of the cat's paws in the cake. "Now we have found the burglar," laughed Dick. "But, mother, it was not kiddy's fault, because I was the one who left the door open, and any cat would go in there to get a taste of your good cooking!" Mrs. Milnes could not help smiling, and many a time have Dick and Mrs. Milnes told the story of "the queer burglar."

The Two Sisters.

By Mary Grerson, West Point, Neb. Blue Side.

There were once two girls, and they were sisters. Elsie was one girl's name and the other was Myrtle. Elsie was a kind-hearted little girl, and Myrtle was a very rude girl to dumb animals.

Elsie was loved by everybody, and Myrtle was hated. Myrtle was very pretty, but